

MEMOIRS
OF THE *613. h 24*
LIFE

Of the Right Honourable *K. Addison*

Joseph Addison, Esq;

Late, one of his MAJESTY'S

Principal SECRETARIES of State.

With a particular

Account of his WRITINGS.

*Unrival'd, as unmatch'd, shall be his Fame,
And his own Laurels shade his envy'd Name,*
Tickell.

L O N D O N:

Printed for E. Curll in Fleet-street. 1719.

Price One Shilling.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE

Of the Right Honourable

Joseph Addison, Esq;

Esq; one of his Majesty's

Principal Secretaries of State.

With a particular

Account of his Writings.

London, as usual, shall be his home,
and his own family shall be his home.
Titchell.

L O N D O N :

Printed for E. Curll in Fleet-street. 1719.

Price One Shilling.

T O

His most Affectionate CONSORT,

The Right Honourable

C H A R L O T T E,

Countess of *Warwick* and *Holland*,

T H E S E

M E M O I R S

O F T H E

L I F E

Of the Right Honourable

Joseph Addison, Esq;

With an

Account of his WRITINGS,

Are most humbly Dedicated,

By her LADYSHIP'S

most obedient, and

most devoted humble Servant,

G. J.

TO
His most Affectionate Consort,
The Right Honourable
CHARLOTTE

Countess of Warwick and Holland,

THESE
MEMOIRS
OF THE
LIFE

Of the Right Honourable

Joseph Addison, Esq.

With an

Account of his Writings.

Are most humbly Dedicated,

By her Ladyship's

most obedient and

most devoted humble servant,

G. V.



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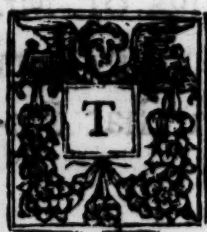


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THE PREFACE.



HERE would have been no Occasion for a Preface to the following Memoirs, were it not for a malicious Libel which is lately got into Print, wherein the Author has darted his impotent Reflections at the Character of Mr. ADDISON.

This Libel, in a sportive Criticism on a Poem, (which indeed is an unguarded one, and by no Means equal to the Subject, or the other Works of the Author) publish'd by Dr. Young,
on

The P R E F A C E.

on Mr. ADDISON's Death, has an Infination, that Mr. ADDISON was the Writer of a Comedy, sometime since acted, entitled *The Drummer*; recommended by Sir R. S---: Now I could never learn, upon the strictest Enquiry, that he had any Hand in that Piece; on the contrary, I am inform'd, that a Gentleman now living, and possess'd of a publick Employment, is the Author of it: And I dare say all Persons, who are in the least acquainted with the Writings of Mr. ADDISON, will easily acquit him from having any Concern in that Performance.

If the Play had been his, it cannot be suppos'd it would have needed a Recommendation: And Mr. ADDISON's Reputation (establish'd on Merit) is not to be attack'd in an indecent Manner by every impertinent Pretender to Criticism. His Character and Writings will be defended against Envy and Detraction, as long as Learning

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ing and Poetry are flourishing; and there is a Nobleman of the first Rank, the Protector of his Fame: A Nobleman who possesses all those Virtues which render a Person truly Great and Illustrious: For every Body will agree, that good Sense, fine Learning, polite Manners, the utmost Honour and Generosity, Integrity, Good-nature, and great Abilities, are highly conspicuous in the Earl of WARWICK.

This is all I have to observe by Way of Preface to the following Sheets; and I doubt not but the *Tickler*, who I find has the Talent of Calumny, will, in Time, be easily convinc'd of his Mistake.



MEMOIRS

ing and poetry extraordinary; and there
as a Nobleman of the first Rank, the Pro-
tect of his Fame: A Nobleman who
possesses all those Virtues which render
a Person truly Great and illustrious:
For every Body will agree, that good
Sense, true Learning, polite Manners,
the utmost Honour and Generosity,
Integrity, Good-will, and great A-
bility, are highly conspicuous in the
Earl of WARWICK.

This is all I have to observe by Way
of Preface to the following Sheet,
and I doubt not but the Reader, who
I trust has the Talent of Candour,
will, in Time, be easily convinced of his
Mistake.



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MEMOIRS

Of the LIFE of the Right Honourable

Joseph Addison, Esq; &c.



PON the Death of any Person of distinguish'd Abilities, it is no more than natural for the World to expect some *MEMOIRS* of the Deceas'd: His Life and

Character are immediately enquir'd after; and the writing them is look'd upon as a Debt due to the Memory of a departed Friend, and also to all Persons of Merit.

These Considerations have prevail'd with me to attempt something in Behalf of the celebrated Mr. *ADDISON*, the most minute Circumstances of whose Life must afford a very pleasurable Entertainment

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tertainment to the Reader: And tho' I confess I am unequal to the Task I have undertaken, yet, as I flatter my self I can give some Account of this Gentleman and his Writings, (an agreeable Curiosity) for his Honour and Reputation, I shall venture to communicate my *MEMOIRS* and *OBSERVATIONS* to the Publick.

And first I am to take Notice, that Mr. *ADDISON* was the Son of the Reverend Dr. *LANCELOT ADDISON*, Dean of *Litchfield*, a very learned and pious Divine. He was born in the Year 1671; and in his Infancy gave great Expectations of that Excellency of Literature and Genius, which afterwards distinguish'd him as the Glory and Ornament of the Age. For his Education, he was first plac'd to the *Charter-House* School, where he attain'd a Perfection in the *Latin* and *Greek* Languages, and from thence was remov'd to the University of *Oxford*.

Here he pursu'd his Studies with the utmost Diligence and Application, and took the Degree of *Master of Arts*, at *St. Mary Magdalen's* College. He was early taken Notice of for his great Progress in Learning, and Knowledge of all *Classical* Authors: His first Exercises were receiv'd with unusual Applause; and the great Delicacy of his Genius, Sweetness of his Manners, Fineness of his Breeding, and his extensive Good-nature, gain'd him an universal Esteem. He

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He was honour'd with the Friendship of the politeſt Perſons in the Univerſity, who were ſoon ſenſible of his ſhining Merit. His abounding Modeſty and Humility recommended him to all good Men, and his uncommon Proficiency in ancient and modern Literature made him the moſt acceptable Companion to the Learned. His Sincerity was great and conſpicuous, and as he always deteſted Flattery, ſo he carefully avoided ill-natur'd Satire.

If the Heat of his Youth carry'd him to any Exceſſes, they were very few. No Man ever obſerv'd a better OEconomy of Life than he did from his very Youth ; yet his Conduct was far from diſpleaſing Perſons of the moſt libertine Principles : His ſuperior Senſe and Good-manners were their Admiration, and his Good-nature prevalent even with his very Enemies ; and his great Humanity they were pleas'd with who did not follow his Example.

He was the Delight and Darling of the Univerſity, courted by every Body, admir'd and imitated by the beſt, but equall'd by few. He was endow'd with all thoſe Virtues on which the Happineſs of Life and Pleaſure of Society depend : His Converſation was ſo engaging, that they who had once taſted it, would deſire no other. His Addreſſes were very taking, and whatever he ſaid in publick or private was ac-

company'd with the greatest Strength of Reason, and all the Graces of Wit.

At *Oxford* he wrote his excellent *Latin* Poems, publish'd in the *Musæ Anglicanæ*: These he dedicated to that great Patron and Encourager of polite Learning, the late Earl of *Halifax*, who knew the Worth of those admirable Performances, and how to set a Value upon their Author equal to his Merit, which he particularly shew'd by his Friendship to Mr. *ADDISON* ever after. But his greatest Patron was the Lord-Keeper *Somers*, who, on his writing a Poem to King *William*, procur'd him a Pension of 300 *l. per Ann.* from that Prince, to enable him to travel into *Italy* and other polite Parts of the World.

Now, by a Royal Encouragement, he commenc'd his Travels, and was no less admir'd Abroad than at Home. *Rome* saw one of the finest Gentlemen *England* has bred, with Pleasure, and paid him the Respect which was his Due. The Improvement he made in his Travels is demonstrable from his *Remarks upon several Parts of Italy*, dedicated to the Lord *Somers*. He has given the most beautiful Descriptions of Countries, Antiquities, Rarities, &c. and the best Observations on the Manners, Politicks, Religion, &c. of the People, that ever were communicated to the World:
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And the Advantages to be attain'd by travelling into those Parts, are finely illustrated in his *Preface*.

‘ There is certainly no Place in the
 ‘ World (says Mr. *ADDISON*) where a
 ‘ Man may Travel with greater Pleasure
 ‘ and Advantage than in *Italy*. One finds
 ‘ something more particular in the Face
 ‘ of the Country, and more astonishing
 ‘ in the Works of Nature, than can be
 ‘ met with in any other Part of *Europe*.
 ‘ It is the great School of Musick and
 ‘ Painting, and contains in it all the no-
 ‘ blest Productions of Statuary and Archi-
 ‘ tecture both Ancient and Modern. It
 ‘ abounds with Cabinets of Curiosities,
 ‘ and vast Collections of all Kinds of
 ‘ Antiquities. No other Country in the
 ‘ World has such a Variety of Govern-
 ‘ ments, that are so different in their Con-
 ‘ stitutions, and so refin’d in their Poli-
 ‘ ticks. There is scarce any Part of the
 ‘ Nation that is not Famous in History,
 ‘ nor so much as a Mountain or River
 ‘ that has not been the Scene of some
 ‘ extraordinary Action.

This general Account of *Italy* Mr. *AD-
 DISON* gives in his Remarks upon that
 Country: And in his *Letter from Italy
 to the Lord Halifax*, he has these Lines,

For

*For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd Eyes,
Gay gilded Scenes and shining Prospects rise,
Poetick Fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on Classic Ground:
For here the Muse so oft her Harp has strung,
That not a Mountain rears its Head unsung;
Renown'd in Verse each shady Thicket grows,
And ev'ry Stream in Heav'nly Numbers flows.*

His Poetical Description is farther continu'd in his Wish, which follows in the same Poem:

*Bear me some God to Baja's gentle Seats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green Retreats;
Where ev'n rough Rocks with tender Myrtle
[bloom,
And trodden Weeds send out a rich Perfume.
Where Western Gales eternally reside,
And all the Seasons lavish all their Pride,
Blossoms, and Fruits, and Flowers together rise,
And the whole Year in gay Confusion lies.*

He return'd from *Italy* a most accomplish'd Gentleman, and was immediately carefs'd by some of the greatest Persons in the Kingdom, particularly his noble Friends the Lords *Somers* and *Halifax*, by whose Interest and his great Merit, he was made one of the Commissioners of Appeals in the Excise; and, applying himself to Business, it was not long before

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fore he had conferr'd on him more eminent Employments.

For he was Under-Secretary to two Secretaries of State, and Secretary of State in *Ireland* under two Lords Lieutenants: The last whereof was the Earl of *Wharton*, with whom he laid the Foundation of his future Fortune: Then 'twas he was first chosen Member of Parliament for *Malmsbury* in the County of *Wilts*. Upon the Demise of the late Queen, he was made Secretary to the Regency; and, since his Majesty's Accession to the Throne, he was preferr'd to be one of the Lords Commissioners of Trade and Plantations, from whence he was advanc'd to be one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State.

In all these publick Stations and Trusts he gain'd a wonderful Applause. His great Vivacity, Penetration, Learning, and Observations, render'd him perfectly Master of the most important Business of the State; neither was he wanting in Dispatch, which he did with that Facility, that, in many Cases, what was a Pleasure to him, was almost insuperable to others.

He gave a Lustre to the Places he enjoy'd, and the great Personages he had the Honour to serve: He manag'd his greatest Charge with known Ability; and resign'd it only on Account of his Health,
which

which it was a publick Misfortune he was ever without. If any Objection has been made to his Character, it has proceeded from over-much Modesty, a Fault easily to be forgiven.

Before he was preferr'd to be Secretary of State, he was marry'd to the Countess of *Warwick*; and 'tis no Wonder that a Man of his universal Accomplishments, and fine Person, should be particularly taken Notice of by a Lady of the first Rank, not only for Quality, but for Beauty and Virtue. Her Ladyship found a Happiness in him, seldom to be met with in Alliances with Nobility. He made a most affectionate and endearing Husband; nor was his Behaviour without suitable Returns from his noble Partner: And the mutual Happiness they enjoy'd is admirably describ'd in these Verses, (address'd to the Countess) on their Marriage, by Mr. Tickell.

WARWICK! to whom is due alone,
The Heart, and Verse, of ADDISON;
Whate'er was wrote of Thee to Him,
Must seem below the Glorious Theme;
To Faults tho' mercifully blind,
Tho' Candour sways his Gen'rous Mind;
No Vulgar Muse thy Praise must tell,
To One who Sings and Loves so well.

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Then give the Word — At thy Desire,
 His Hand to Thee shall strike the Lyre;
 To distant Times transmit thy Name,
 And pay thy Love with deathless Fame.
 No less than deathless Fame he owes,
 For all the Bliss thy Love bestows.
 E'er Troy was built, a hundred Dames
 Set the contending World in Flames,
 And ruin'd Empires with their Eyes,
 Whose Story now forgotten lies.
 A Helen, by great Homer's Care,
 Now seems the first that e'er was Fair.
 In all her Charms the Nymph appears,
 Unfully'd in three thousand Tears.
 The Sun himself, and starry Throng,
 Have glitter'd only twice as long.
 Like Fate thy lasting Name shall bless,
 The Poet and the Theme no less:
 Thy matchless Truth and Form divine,
 Thro' many a circling Age shall shine;
 And future Bards their flatter'd Fair,
 To Venus, or to Thee compare.
 Of Right may'st thou the Task impose,
 To whom his boasted Fame he owes.
 Oft as on Britain's crowded Stage
 He ravish'd and reform'd the Age,
 We thought each Heroine there design'd,
 The Work of his inventive Mind:
 But now the Secret we descry;
 Ask, if he dares the Theft deny.
 From Thee he copy'd Martia's Soul,
 And Rosamonda's Beauty stole.

*So when an Angel's Form to grace,
Some Maid to Thornhill lends her Face,
From Heav'n we think th' Idea came,
Nor guesſs he meant a mortal Dame.*

*But why ſhould I, in lowly Lays,
Relate his known, his meanest Praise?
WARWICK! ſole Pleaſure of his Breast!
Like thee, was ever Woman bleſt?
To whom in Nuptial Bands are join'd,
The greateſt Heart, the greateſt Mind:
From Vice no leſs than Error free,
And true to Honour, as to thee.
Juſt Heav'n, that long with Pleaſure ſaw
How firm he kept to Virtue's Law,
Thy Beauty for his Arms prepar'd,
And gives him now his full Reward.*

I now come to Mr. ADDISON's Talents, and a particular Account of his Writings. He was a Man of an extraordinary Genius, his Fancy flowing, his Wit abundant, and his Thoughts great, noble, and elevated: His Style is elegant, his Diction refin'd, and his Reason ſtrong and exalted. In ſeveral of his Writings he ſhew'd the full and lofty Writer, and came up to Horace's Deſcription.

—— Cui mens Divinior, atque os
Magna ſonaturum. ———

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He was equally happy in his Choice of Subjects as in his Election of Words; both were judicious, pure, and blameless: And though *Cowley* says, that Poets are scarce thought Freemen of their Company, without paying some Duties to Love; sooner or later they must all pass through that Tryal, like *Mahometan* Monks, that are bound by their Order, once at least in their Life, to make a Pilgrimage to *Mecca*.

In furias ignemq; ruunt; Amor omnibus idem.

And 'tis very natural to Poets to give themselves a Loose on this Subject; yet this Gentleman has depainted the Passion of Love, in the most lively Manner, in Lines of the strictest Modesty and Decency.

His Pieces, as they are generally writ in the Cause of Virtue, are, like Virtue, lasting, and will with that only dye: His Genius would, with great Ease, turn to any Kind of Writing, like the finest Gold which is most malleable: His Images are strong and lively, his Metaphors bright and beautiful: His Learning, like the Sun, shines through all, and he has no Cloud of Obscenity.

Read him and admire him; admire him once, and you'll admire him farther; your Curiosity, like a Miser's of his Coin, but with more substantial Pleasure, will not be satisfy'd 'till you have examin'd his

Store : And, as upon a Hill, where you see a fine Vale adorn'd with delightful Objects, you are willing to attain the utmost Ascent for the Increase of Prospect, so in reading Mr. ADDISON, you read on 'till you have gone through him, and observ'd his Excellencies and great Perfections. His Works are the following, viz.

I. *Pax Gulielmi Auspiciis Europæ red- dita. The Peace of Reswick.* Dedicated to the Honourable Charles Mountague, Esq; (afterwards Earl of Halifax). As a late * Author has observ'd, this is an incomparable Piece ; the Images are chosen with a nice Judgment, work'd up with a Delicacy of Imagination, and plac'd in the strongest Light. Every Thing strikes at the first View, and yet will bear the strictest Eye to re-examine it : The Descriptions, being both just and surprizing, put the Mind upon the full Stretch as they are preparing, and exceed the boldest Expectations when finish'd. This Poem begins,

*Postquam ingens clamorq; virum, strepitusq;
(tubarum,
Atq; omnis belli cecidit fragor ; Aspice, Cæsar,
Quæ tibi solliciti, turba importuna, Poëta
Munera*

* See the Preface to the Translations of Mr. Addison's Latin Poems.

*Munera
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*Munera deducunt : generosa à pectore flammæ,
Diræq; Armorum effigies, simulacrâq; belli
Tristia diffugiant : O tandem absiste triumphis
Expletus, penitusq; animo totum excute Martem.*

*When now the Tumult of the Battle dies,
No Shouts the Earth, no Trumpets wake the
(Skies ;
Accept, great Leader, what the pious Throng,
(Less dreadful Musick, and a softer Song)
To sooth the Vengeance of thy Soul inspire,
And ease thy Bosom of its restless Fire.
Let Wars no more, all Nature hush'd to rest,
Nor Scenes of Ruin roll within thy Breast ;
No Schemes of Death, delightful to thy Eyes,
Swell in thy Thoughts, and charm Thee as they
(rise :
Already Fam'd, the Chace of Fame give o'er,
Nor, dark with Lawrels, shade thy Brows
(with more.*

II. *Resurrectio delineata ad Altare Coll. Magd. Oxon.* This is a noble Piece, drawn after the Painter with a masterly Hand ; and the finest Sketch of the Resurrection that any Age or Language has produc'd. The Poem, according to the Translator, is a beautiful and succinct Epitome of all that has or can ever be said on that important Subject, the very Text which the ingenious Dr. Young has so largely and elegantly paraphras'd upon, in his excellent Poem on the *Last Day*.

This

This Piece, in the Original, begins with these Lines.

*Egregios fuci tractus, calamique labores,
Surgentesq; hominum formas, ardentiaq; ora
Judicis, & smilacra modis pallentia miris,
Terribilem visu pompam, Tu Carmina Musa
Pande novo, vatique Sacros accende furores.*

Which are thus translated :

*The Pencil's glowing Lines, and vast Com-
mand,
And Mankind rising from the Painter's Hand,
The awful Judge array'd in beamy Light,
And Spectres trembling at the dreadful Sight,
To sing, O Muse, the pious Bard inspire,
And waken in his Breast the sacred Fire.*

In the Description of the Resurrection, are the following Verses.

*The Dead now bear; the lab'ring Graves
Conceive.
Ten Thousand Worlds revive to better Skies,
And from their Tombs the thronging Coarces
Rise.
And now from ev'ry Corner of the Earth
The scatter'd Dust is call'd to second Birth;
Whether in Mines it form'd the rip'ning Mass,
Or humbly mix'd, and flourish'd in the Grass.
The sever'd Body now unites again,
And Kindred Atoms rally into Men:*

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The various Joints resume their ancient Seats,
And ev'ry Limb its former Task repeats.
Here on the guilty Brow pale Horrors glare —

III. *Ad Insignissimum Virum D. Tho. Burnettum, Sacra Theoriae Telluris Autorem.* In this Ode is beautifully express'd the general Conflagration by Fire ;

And now the kindling Orbs on high
All Nature's mournful End proclaim ;
When thy great Work (alas !) must die,
And feed the rich victorious Flame ;
Give Vigour to the wasting Fire,
And with the World too soon expire.

While Rocks from melting Mountains flow,
And roll in Streams through Vales below.

IV. *Ad D. D. Hannes, Insignissimum Medicum & Poetam.* These Odes are written in the true Spirit of *Horace* ; and towards the Conclusion of this to Dr. Hannes, are these admirable Lines.

One certain Fate by Heav'n decreed,
In Spite of thee we all must try —

Thou too shalt with pale Horrour see
The fabled Ghosts which glare below,
Which to the Shades, restrain'd by Thee,
In thinner Shoals descending, flow,
And Death, whose Power you now defy,
Shall boast, her Conqueror can Die.

His

*His Life alone is greatly blest,
 Whom no intruding Grievs annoy ;
 Who smiles each happy Day, possesst
 Of chearful Ease and harmless Joy :
 Nor sadly soothing his own Cares,
 Augments himself the Weight he bears.*

*Pleas'd, with a few select'd Friends,
 He views each smiling Ev'ning close ;
 While each succeeding Morn ascends,
 Charg'd with Delights, unmark'd with Woes :
 In Pleasures, innocently gay,
 Wears the Remains of Life away.*

V. *Barometri Descriptio.* This is a fine Philosophical Poem, describing the Effects of the Air on that wonderful Instrument with great Exactness, as well as in the most beautiful Poetry.

*This wond'rous Glass a thousand Truths
 (displays,
 And all the Secrets of the Skies betrays.
 By this the Face of Heav'n is justly shown ;
 The Changes told, and all the Seasons known.
 This tells you when to trust a loose Attire,
 And warns you when to hope a Winter Fire.*

VI. *Sphæristerium.* *The Bowling Green.* This Poem contains an admirable Description of the noble Diversion of *Bowling*, and the various *Humours* of the *Green* ; which are express'd in these Lines.

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*The Leader poises in his Hand the Bowl,
 And gently Launches to the distant Goal :
 The current Orb prolongs its circling Course,
 'Till by Degrees it loses all its Force.
 When now another o'er the Level bounds,
 And Orb succeeding Orb the Block surrounds :
 Scatter'd they lie, and barricade the Green,
 That scarce a single Bowl can pass between.
 When now with better Skill, and nicer Care,
 The dext'ous Youth renews the wooden War;
 And studious the contiguous Globes to part,
 He summons all his Strength and all his Art;
 Th'exerted Vigour of his Nerves applies,
 And rapid from his Arm the brandish'd Engine
 (flies.*

VII. *Machinae Gesticulantes.* *The Puppet Show.* This Piece and the *Battle of the Pygmies and Cranes*, are of the Mock-Heroic Kind of Poetry; the Subjects, (in Imitation of *Virgil*) mean and trivial, but rais'd to the Heroic by a Pomp of Verse, Metaphors, Allusions, and Similes, drawn from Things of a higher Class, and such as are suited by Nature to convey *Ideas* of Greatness to the Mind. This Poem begins, in the Translation, thus :

*Of trivial Things I sing, surprizing Scenes,
 Crowds void of Thought, and Nations in
 (Machines.*

A Race diminutive ———

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And

*And now the speaking Tribe proceeding roams
O'er painted Mansions, and illustrious Domes.
Within this humble Cell, this narrow Wall,
Assemblies, Battels, Conquests, Triumphs, All
That Human Minds can Act, or Pride Survey,
On their low Stage, the little Nation play.*

VIII. ΠΥΓΜΑΙΟ-ΓΕΡΑΝΟ-MAXIA, *five,*
Prælium inter Pygmæos & Grues commissum.
The Scene of Action in this Piece is laid
in India. The Original begins :

*Pennatas acies, & lamentabile bellum
Pygmeadum refero ; parvas tu, Musa, cohortes
Instrue : tu gladios, mortemque minantia rostra,
Offensosque Grues, indignantesque pusillam
Militiam celebra ; volucrumque hominumque
(tumultus.*

In the Translation thus :

*The feather'd Warriors, and the Pigmy State,
Record, O Muse ! Their Battels, and their Fate.
Sing their great Wars, and as their Troops
(engage,
Guide the low Heroes, and direct their Rage.
Here Swords all flaming for the Fight display ;
There Beaks as vengeful, and as keen as they :
Dreadfully mingling in one lofty Strain
The Pygmies Courage, and the Foes disdain.
While Birds and Men in direful Conflicts try
The Earth's Command, and Empire of the Sky.*

IX.

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IX. *Dissertatio de Insignioribus Romanorum Poetis.* This Piece contains excellent Characters of and Remarks upon the most celebrated Roman Poets.

These are the *Latin Pieces* of Mr. ADDISON, lately collected, with their Translations by several Hands, in one Volume, 8vo. printed for E. Curll.

I now come to the *English Works* of this Gentleman.

X. *A Poem to his Majesty King William III.* Presented to the Lord Keeper Somers in the Year 1695. This was his first Attempt in English Verse of a publick Nature, and by the Friendship of the Lord Somers it met with the greatest Success, as I have already observ'd. It has these Lines in Compliment to King William.

*The Race of Nassau was by Heav'n design'd,
To curb the proud Oppressors of Mankind,
To bind the Tyrants of the Earth with Laws,
And fight in ev'ry injur'd Nation's Cause;
The World's great Patriots; they for Justice call,
And as they favour, Kingdoms rise or fall.*

In another Place speaking of our Victories at Sea, the Author praises Admiral Russel (now Earl of Orford) and the Duke of Ormond.

Here

*Here Ruffel's Actions should my Muse require;
And would my Strength but second my Desire,
I'd all his boundless Bravery rehearse,
And draw his Cannons thund'ring in my Verse:
High on the Deck shou'd the great Leader stand,
Wrath in his Look, and Lightning in his Hand;
Like Homer's Hector, when he flung his Fire
Amidst a Thousand Ships, and made all
(Greece retire.*

*But who can Ormond's God-like Acts refuse,
Ormond, the Theme of ev'ry Oxford Muse!
Fain would I here his mighty Worth proclaim;
Attend him in the noble Chace of Fame,
Through all the Noise and Hurry of the Fight;
Observe each Blow, and keep him still in Sight.
O, did our British Peers thus court Renown,
And grace the Coats their great Fore-fathers
(won,
Our Arms would then triumphantly advance,
Nor Henry be the last that Conquer'd France!*

XI. *A Letter from Italy, to the Right Honourable Charles Lord Halifax, in the Year 1701. This Poem has the finest Description of Italy that ever was writ, intermix'd with the justest Reflections, particularly with Relation to Liberty, where the Poet thus expresses himself:*

*How has kind Heav'n adorn'd the happy Land,
And scatter'd Blessings with a wasteful Hand!*
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*But what avail her unexhausted Stores,
Her blooming Mountains, and her sunny Shores,
With all the Gifts that Heav'n and Earth im-*

(part,

*The Smiles of Nature, and the Charms of Art,
While proud Oppression in her Vallies reigns,
And Tyranny Usurps her happy Plains ?*

The poor Inhabitant beholds in Vain

*The redd'ning Orange and the swelling Grain :
Joyless he sees the growing Oils and Wines,
And in the Myrtle's fragrant Shade repines :
Starves in the midst of Nature's Bounty curst,
And in the laden Vineyard Dies for Thirst.*

*O Liberty, thou Goddess Heav'nly bright,
Profuse of Bliss, and pregnant with Delight,
Eternal Pleasures in thy Presence reign,
And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton Train !
Eas'd of her Load, Subjection grows more light,
And Poverty looks chearful in thy Sight ;
Thou mak'st the gloomy Face of Nature gay,
Giv'st Beauty to the Sun, and Pleasure to the Day.*

*Thee, Goddess, Thee Britannia's Isle adores ;
How has she oft exhausted all her Stores,
How oft in Fields of Death thy Presence sought ;
Nor thinks the mighty Prize too dearly bought.
On foreign Mountains may the Sun refine
The Grapes soft Juice, and mellow it to Wine ;
With Citron Groves adorn a distant Soil,
And the fat Olive swell with Floods of Oil :
We envy not the warmer Clime that lies
In ten Degrees of more indulgent Skies,*

Nor

Nor at the Coarseness of our Heav'n repine,
 That o'er our Heads the frozen Pleiads shine:
 'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's Isle,
 And makes her barren Rocks and her bleak
 (Mountains smile.

XII. *The Campaign. A Poem. To his Grace the Duke of Marlborough.* This is an excellent Piece, and indeed the best of Mr. ADDISON's Performances in English Poetry. His Description of the Battle of *Blenheim* is admirable; he begins with moderate Fire, and encreases gradually, 'till he arrives at the Summit of Poetical Fury, but without the least Rant or offensive Harshness: And his Metaphors, and Similes, which are many, are surprizingly beautiful, as appears by the following Lines,

But, O my Muse, what Numbers wilt thou
 (find
 To sing the furious Troops in Battle join'd!
 Methinks I hear the Drums tumultuous Sound
 The Victor's Shouts and Dying Groans confound,
 The dreadful Burst of Cannon rend the Skies,
 And all the Thunder of the Battle rise.
 'Twas then great Marlbro's mighty Soul was
 (prov'd,
 That, in the Shock of charging Hosts unmov'd,
 Amidst Confusion, Horror, and Despair,
 Examin'd all the dreadful Scenes of War;
 In peaceful Thought the Field of Death survey'd,
 To fainting Squadrons sent the timely Aid.
 Inspir'd

*Inspir'd repuls'd Batallions to engage,
And taught the doubtful Battle where to rage.*

*So when an Angel by divine Command
With rising Tempests shakes a guilty Land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious Blast;
And pleas'd th' Almighty's Orders to perform,
Rides in the Whirlwind, and directs the Storm.*

And farther, he describes the Defeat
of the French Army, and their Flight to
the Danube.

*The Rout begins, the Gallic Squadron run,
Compell'd in Crouds to meet the Fate they shun;
Thousandsof fiery Steeds with Wounds transfix'd
Floating in Gore, with their dead Masters mix'd,
Midst Heaps of Spears and Standards driv'n*

*(around,
Lye in the Danube's bloody Whirlpools
(drown'd.*

*Troops of bold Youths, born on the distant Soan,
Or sounding Borders of the rapid Rhone,
Or where the Seine her flow'ry Fields divides,
Or where the Loire through winding Vineyards
(glides,*

*In Heaps the rolling Billows sweep away,
And into Scythian Seas their bloated Corps
(convey.*

*From Blenheim's Tow'rs the Gaul, with
(wild Affright,
Beholds the various Havock of the Fight;
His*

*His waving Banners, that so oft had stood,
Painted in Fields of Death and Streams of*
(Blood.

*While Marlbro' presses to the bold Attack;
Scar'd at his near Approach, Great Louis fears
Vengeance reserv'd for his declining Tears,
Forgets his Thirst of Universal Sway,
And scarce can teach his Subjects to obey;
His Arms he finds on vain Attempts employ'd,
Th' ambitious Projects for his Race destroy'd;
The Work of Ages sunk in one Campaign,
And Lives of Millions sacrific'd in vain.*

XIII. *An Account of the English Poets.* This Poem includes *Chaucer, Spenser, Cowley, Milton, Waller, Dryden, Lord Halifax,* and others, the greatest of our *English Bards.* The Character of *Mr. Dryden* and *Mr. Congreve* are interwoven, and thus describ'd:

*But see where artful Dryden next appears,
Grown old in Rhime, but charming ev'n in Tears.
Great Dryden next! whose tuneful Muse*
(affords

*The sweetest Numbers, and the fittest Words.
Whether in Comick Sounds or Tragick Airs
She forms her Voice, she moves our Smiles or*
(Tears.

*If Satire or Heroick Strains she writes,
Her Heroe pleases, and her Satire bites.
From her no harsh, unartful Numbers fall,
She wears all Dresses, and she Charms in all:*
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*How might we fear our English Poetry,
That long has flourish'd, should decay with Thee,
Did not the Muses other Hope appear,
Harmonius Congreve, and forbid our Fear,
Congreve! whose Fancy's unexhausted Store
Has given already much, and promis'd more.
Congreve shall still preserve thy Fame alive,
And Dryden's Muse shall in his Friend revive.*

XIV. *To Mr. Dryden. A Poem.* This Piece is chiefly in Praise of Mr. Dryden's Translations: It begins,

How long, Great Poet, shall thy sacred Lays
Provoke our Wonder, and transcend our Praise,
Can neither Injuries of Time nor Age,
Damp thy Poetick Heat and quench thy Rage?
Not so thy Ovid in his Exile wrote,
Grief chill'd his Breast, and checkt his rising
Thought,
Pensive and Sad, his drooping Muse betrays
The Roman Genius in its last Decays.

*Prevailing Warmth has still thy Mind possess'd,
And second Youth is kindled in thy Breast ;
Thou mak'st the Beauties of the Romans known,
And England boasts of Riches not her own ;
Thy Lines have heighten'd Virgil's Majesty,
And Horace wonders at himself in Thee.
Thou teachest Persius to inform our Isle
In smoother Numbers, and a clearer Stile ;
And Juvenal, instructed in thy Page,
Edges his Satire, and improves his Rage.*

Thy

*Thy Copy casts a fairer Light on all,
And still outshines the bright Original.*

XV. *An Ode for St. Cecilia's Day, at Oxford. The Author calls this a Song, I presume on Account of its Shortness; but the Words are extreamly fine, well adapted to the Day, and exactly fitted for Musick. The Chorus is very transporting.*

*Let all Cecilia's Praise proclaim,
Employ the Echo in her Name.*

*Hark how the Flutes and Trumpets raise,
At bright Cecilia's Name, their Lays;
The Organ labours in her Praise.*

*Cecilia's Name does all our Numbers grace;
From ev'ry Voice the tuneful Accents fly,
In soaring Trebles now it rises high,
And now it sinks, and dwells upon the Base.*

*Cecilia's Name through all the Notes we sing,
The Work of ev'ry skilful Tongue,
The Sound of ev'ry trembling String,
The Sound and Triumph of our Song.*

*Musick religious Heats inspires,
It wakes the Soul, and lifts it high,
And wings it with sublime Desires,
And fits it to bespeak the Deity.*

*Th' Almighty listens to a tuneful Tongue,
And seems well pleas'd, and courted with a*
(Song.

*Soft moving Sounds, and Heav'nly Airs,
Give Force to ev'ry Word, and recommend our*
(Pray'rs.
When

*When Time itself shall be no more,
 And all Things in Confusion burl'd,
 Musick shall then exert its Pow'r,
 And Sound survive the Ruins of the World:
 Then Saints and Angels shall agree
 In one Eternal Jubilee:
 All Heav'n shall Echo with their Hymns Divine,
 And God himself with Pleasure see,
 The whole Creation in a Chorus join.*

C H O R U S.

*Consecrate the Place and Day,
 To Musick and Cecilia.
 Let no rough Winds approach, nor dare
 Invade the hallow'd Bounds,
 Nor rudely shake the tuneful Air,
 Nor spoil the fleeting Sounds.
 Nor mournful Sigh nor Groan be heard,
 But Gladness dwell on ev'ry Tongue;
 Whilst all, with Voice and Strings prepar'd,
 Keep up the loud harmonious Song,
 And imitate the Blest above,
 In Joy, and Harmony, and Love.*

XVI. Milton's *Stile imitated, in a Translation of a Story out of the Third Æneid.*

XVII. *A Translation of all Virgil's Fourth Georgick, except the Story of Aristeus.* In this, and all his other Translations Mr. ADDISON has been very happy, and sufficiently Shun his great Learning.

XVIII. Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, the Second Book; Part of the Sixth, &c.

XIX. On the Lady Manchester.

XX. To her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, with the Tragedy of Cato. This Poem begins with these Lines :

*The Muse that oft, with sacred Raptures fir'd,
Has gen'rous Thoughts of Liberty inspir'd,
And, boldly rising for Britannia's Laws,
Engag'd great Cato in her Country's Cause,
On you submissive waits ; with Hopes assur'd,
By whom the mighty Blessing stands secur'd,
And all the Glories that our Age adorn,
Are promis'd to a People yet unborn.*

*No longer shall the widow'd Land bemoan
A broken Lineage, and a doubtful Throne ;
But boast her Royal Progeny's Increase,
And count the Pledges of her future Peace.
O Born to strengthen and to grace our Isle !
While you, fair Princess, in your Offspring smile,
Supplying Charms to the succeeding Age,
Each heav'nly Daughter's Triumphs we pre-
(sage ;
Already see th' Illustrious Youths complain,
And pity Monarchs doom'd to sigh in vain.*

*Mean-while, bright Princess, who with
(graceful Ease,
And native Majesty, art form'd to please,
Behold*

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*Behold those Arts with a propitious Eye,
That suppliant to their great Protectress fly!
Then shall they Triumph, and the British Stage
Improve her Manners, and refine her Rage,
More noble Characters expose to View,
And draw her finish'd Heroines from You.*

XXI. To Sir Godfrey Kneller, on his Majesty's Picture. This is an admirable Poem; and, after a general Description of the Picture, the Author proceeds thus to Kneller;

*The Magick of thy Art calls forth
His Secret Soul and Hidden Worth,
His Probity and Mildness shows,
His Care of Friends, and Scorn of Foes:
In ev'ry Stroke, in ev'ry Line,
Does some exalted Virtue shine,
And Albion's Happiness we trace
Through all the Features of his Face.*

Lower, observing that Sir Godfrey had drawn several other Kings:

*Thou hast in Robes of State array'd,
The Kings of half an Age display'd.*

*Here Swarthy Charles appears, and there
His Brother with dejected Air:
Triumphant Nassau here we find,
And with him bright Maria join'd;
There*

There Anna Great, as when she sent
 Her Armies through the Continent,
 E'er yet her Hero was disgrac'd:
 O may fam'd BRUNSWICK be the last,
 (Though Heav'n should with my Wish agree,
 And long preserve thy Art in Thee)
 The Last, the Happiest British King,
 Whom Thou shalt Praise, or I shall sing.

And towards the Conclusion the Poet
 assembles the Deities:

Great Pan, who went to chase the Fair,
 And lov'd the spreading Oak, was there;
 Old Saturn too, with up-cast Eyes
 Beheld his Abdicated Skies;
 And mighty Mars, for War renown'd,
 In Adamantine Armour frown'd;
 By him the childless Goddess rose,
 Minerva, studious to compose
 Her twisted Threads; the Web she strung,
 And o'er a Loom of Marble hung:
 Thetis, the troubled Ocean's Queen,
 Match'd with a Mortal, next was seen,
 Reclining on a Fun'ral Urn,
 Her short-liv'd Darling Son to mourn.
 The last was He, whose Thunder slew
 The Titan-Race, a Rebel Crew,
 That from a Hundred Hills ally'd,
 In impious Leagues, their King defy'd.

This Wonder of the Sculptor's Hand
 Produc'd, his Art was at a Stand:

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*For who would hope New Fame to raise,
Or risque his well-establiſh'd Praise,
That, his high Genius to approve,
Had Drawn a GEORGE, or Carv'd a Jove!*

XXII. ROSAMOND. *An Opera.* Inſcrib'd to her Grace the Dutcheſs of *Marlborough*, and perform'd at the *Queen's Theatre* in the *Hay-Market*, in the Year 1702. This Piece for Beauty of Diction exceeds any *Engliſh* Performance of the Kind, but it had the Misfortune to be ill ſet to Muſick, which hinder'd the Succeſs it would otherwiſe have found in the Representation; tho' it was nevertheless receiv'd with good Applauſe. The Scene is a Proſpect of *Woodſtock Park*, terminating in the Bower: And the Queen enters, thus deſcribing the latter:

*What Place is here!
What Scenes appear!
Where-e'er I turn my Eyes,
All around
Inchanted Ground,
And ſoft Elyſiums riſe:
Flow'ry Mountains,
Moſſy Fountains,
Shady Woods,
Ckryſtal Floods,
With wild Variety ſurpriſe.*

As

As o'er the hollow Vaults we walk,
 A hundred Echo's round us talk:
 From Hill to Hill the Voice is tost,
 Rocks rebounding,
 Caves resounding.
 Not a single Word is lost.

*O the soft delicious View,
 Ever Charming, ever New !
 Greens of various Shades arise,
 Deck'd with Flow'rs of various Dyes :
 Paths by meeting Paths are crost,
 Alleys in winding Alleys lost ;
 Fountains playing through the Trees,
 Give Coolness to the passing Breeze.*

A thousand fairy Scenes appear,
 Here a Grove, a Grotto there,
 Here a Rock, and here a Stream,
 Sweet Delusion,
 Gay Confusion,
 All a Vision, all a Dream !

This is follow'd with an excellent Description of Jealousy ; and in the second Scene the King is brought in, return'd from his Wars.

Was ever Nymph like *Rosamond*,
 So fair, so faithful, and so fond,
 Adorn'd with ev'ry Charm and Grace !
 I'm all Desire !
 My Heart's on Fire,
 And leaps and springs to her Embrace.
Full

Full in the Center of the Grove,
 In yon Pavilion made for Love,
 Where Woodbines, Roses, Jessamines,
 Amarantbs, and Eglantines,
 With intermingling Sweets have wove
 The particolour'd, gay Alcove.
 There I'll retire. —

Let neither Envy, Grief, nor Fear,
 Nor Love-sick Jealousy appear.
 Nor senseless Pomp, nor Noise intrude
 On this Delicious Solitude;
 But Pleasure reign thro all the Grove,
 And all be Peace, and all be Love.

O the pleasing, pleasing Anguish,
 When we love, and when we languish!

Wishes rising!

Thoughts surprizing!

Pleasure courting!

Charms transporting!

Fancy viewing

Joys ensuing!

O the pleasing, pleasing Anguish!

When the King and Rosamond are together,
 Rosamond thus expresses her Love.

Ros. My Henry is my Soul's Delight,
 My Wish by Day, my Dream by Night.
 'Tis not in Language to impart
 The secret Meltings of my Heart,
 While I my Conqueror survey,
 And look my very Soul away.

F

King.

King. *O may the present Bliss endure,
From Fortune, Time, and Death secure!*

Both. *O may the present Bliss endure!*

King. *My Eye could ever gaze, my Ear
Those gentle Sounds could ever hear.
But O! with Noon-Day Heats oppress'd,
My aching Temples call for Rest!
In yon cool Grotto's artful Night
Refreshing Slumbers I'll invite,
Then seek again my absent Fair,
With all the Love a Heart can bear.*
[Exit King.]

Rosalind sola.

*From whence this sad, presaging Fear,
This sudden Sigh, this falling Tear?
Oft in my silent Dreams by Night
With such a Look I've seen him fly,
Wafted by Angels to the Sky,
And lost in endless Tracks of Light;
While I, abandon'd and forlorn,
To dark and dismal Desarts born,
Through lonely Wilds have seem'd to stray,
A long, uncomfortable Way.*

*They're Fantoms all; I'll think no
(more:
My Life has endless Joys in Store.
Farewel Sorrow, farewell Fear,
They're Fantoms all! my Henry's
(here.
After*

After the King has left *Rosamond* some Time to refresh himself, the Queen comes into the Bower with a Bowl of Poison and Dagger; *Rosamond* hearing her advancing, supposes it to be her Lord,

*A sudden Motion shakes the Grove :
I hear the Steps of him I Love ;
Prepare, my Soul, to meet the Bliss !
— Death to my Eyes ! What Sight is this !
The Queen, th'offended Queen I see !
— Open, O Earth, and swallow me !*

Qu. *Thus arm'd with double Death I come :
Behold, vain Wretch, behold thy Doom !
Thy Crimes to their full Period tend,
And soon by This, or This, shall end.*

Ros. *Can Britain's Queen give such Com-
mands,
Or dip in Blood those sacred Hands ?*

*When Tides of youthful Blood run high,
And Scenes of promis'd Joys are nigh,
Health presuming,
Beauty blooming,
O, how dreadful 'tis to die !*

*Think on the soft, the tender Fires,
Melting Thoughts and gay Desires,
That in your own warm Bosom rise,
When languishing with Love-sick Eyes,
F 2 That*

That Great, that charming Man you see:
Think on your self, and pity me!

*Tho' I live wretched, let me live.
In some deep Dungeon let me lye,
Cover'd from ev'ry human Eye,
Banish'd the Day, debarr'd the Light;
Where Shades of everlasting Night
May this unhappy Face disarm,
And cast a Veil o'er ev'ry Charm:
Offended Heav'n I'll there adore,
Nor see the Sun, nor Henry more.*

When Rosamond has drank the Poison,
and her Corps is carry'd away, the King
enters from his Slumber, in Confusion.

*Some dreadful Birth of Fate is near:
Or why, my Soul, unus'd to fear,
With secret Horrour dost thou shake?
Can Dreams such dire Impressions make!
What means this solemn silent Show!
This Pomp of Death, this Scene of Woe!
Support me, Heav'n! What's this I read?
O Horrour! Rosamond is dead.
What shall I say, or whither turn?
With Grief, and Rage, and Love I burn:
From Thought to Thought my Soul is tost,
And in the Whirle of Passion lost.
Why did I not in Battle fall,
Crush'd by the Thunder of the Gaul?*

Wky

¶ Reading a Letter from the Keeper of the Bower.

*Why did the Spear my Bosom miss?
Ye Pow'rs, was I reserv'd for this!*

Distracted with Woe,
I'll rush on the Foe,
To seek my Relief:
The Sword or the Dart
Shall pierce my sad Heart,
And finish my Grief.

*Floods of Sorrow will I shed,
To mourn the lovely Shade!
My Rosamond alas is dead,
And where, O where convey'd!*

So bright a Bloom, so soft an Air,
Did ever Nymph disclose!
The Lilly was not half so fair,
Nor half so sweet the Rose.

The Queen asswages the King's Grief,
and thus rejoices;

If 'tis Joy to wound a Lover,
How much more to give him Ease?
When his Passion we discover,
O how pleasing 'tis to please!
The Bliss returns, and we receive
Transports greater than we give.

At length the King is pacify'd, and
they both sing.

Who

Who to forbidden Joys would rove,
That knows the Sweets of virtuous Love?

Though it will lengthen my Account
of this Opera, I cannot omit inserting Mr,
Tickell's Copy of Verses upon it, which
has such a fine Character of the Perfor-
mance and its Author.

To the AUTHOR of ROSAMOND.

*THE Opera first Italian Masters taught,
Enrich'd with Songs, but Innocent of
(Thought,*

*Britannia's learned Theater disdains
Melodious Trifles, and enervate Strains;
And Blushes on her injur'd Stage to see
Nonsense well tun'd, and sweet Stupidity.*

*No Charms are wanting to thy artful Song,
Soft as Corelli, but, as Virgil, Strong.*

*From Words so sweet new Grace the Notes re-
(ceive,*

And Musick borrows Helps, she us'd to give.

*Thy Style bath match'd what Ancient Romans
(knew,*

Thy flowing Numbers far excell the New.

Their Cadence in such easie Sound convey'd,

*That Height of Thought may seem superflu-
(ous Aid;*

*Yet in such Charms the noble Thoughts abound,
That needless seem the Sweets of easy Sound.*

Landskips

*Landscips how gay the Bow'ry Grotto yeilds,
Which Thought creates, and lavish Fancy
(builds!*

*What Art can trace the visionary Scenes,
The flow'ry Groves, and everlasting Greens,
The babling Sounds that Mimick Echo plays,
The fairy Shade, and its eternal Maze,
Nature and Art in all their Charms combin'd,
And all Elysium to one View confin'd!
No farther could Imagination roam,
'Till Vanbrugh fram'd, and Marlbro' rais'd
(the Dome.*

*Ten thousand Pangs my anxious Bosom tear,
When drown'd in Tears I see th' Imploring Fair;
When Bards less soft the moving Words supply,
A seeming Justice dooms the Nymph to die;
But here she begs, nor can she beg in Vain,
(In Dirges thus expiring Swans complain)
Each Verse so swells, expressive of the Woes,
And ev'ry Tear in Lines so mournful flows;
We, spite of Fame, her Fate revers'd believe,
O'erlook her Crimes, and think she ought to
(live.*

*Let Fox transport fair Rosamonda's Shade,
And Wreaths of Myrtle crown the lovely Maid.
While now perhaps with Dido's Ghost she
(roves,
And hears and tells the Story of their Loves,
Alike they Mourn, alike they bless their Fate,
Since Love, which made 'em Wretched, makes
(em Great.
Nor*

*Nor longer that relentless Doom bemoan,
Which gain'd a Virgil, and an Addison.*

*Accept, great Monarch, of the British Lays,
The Tribute Song an humble Subject pays.
So tries the artless Lark her early Flight,
And Soars to hail the God of Verse and Light.
Unrivall'd as unmatch'd be still thy Fame,
And thy own Laurels shade thy envy'd Name:
Thy Name, the Boast of all the tuneful Quire,
Shall tremble on the Strings of ev'ry Lyre;
While with thy Sentiments each Soul complies,
Feels corresponding Joys or Sorrows rise,
And views thy Rosamond with Henry's Eyes.*

XXIII. CATO. *A Tragedy*, Acted at the Theatre Royal, in Drury Lane 1712. This Play was perform'd with very great Applause, beyond any Tragedy that has been represented on the Theatre in the present or any former Age, in this or any other Nation. The Run of it continu'd above a Month, with such Crowds of Spectators, that every Night seem'd to be the first, and the like has not been known. It still does, and I dare say always will bring the politest and most numerous Audiences of any Play in the *English* Language, at least as long as we have a *Booth* to perform the Part of *Cato*, and we have any Notion of Liberty. The Criticks, notwithstanding the Success of this Piece, will not allow it to be a regular Performance;
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but as they will certainly agree with me that it has more Characters than One, finely heighten'd with the most beautiful Poetry, and noble Sentiments of Virtue, I shall be particular in my Examination of this Work ; and I doubt not but to please the Reader, by presenting him with an ample Specimen of its several Beauties. It begins calmly, as all Tragedies ought to do.

*The Dawn is over cast, the Morning low'rs,
And heavily in Clouds brings on the Day,
The great, th'important Day ; big with the Fate
Of Cato and of Rome. ———*

*The Ways of Heav'n are Dark and Intricate,
Puzzled in Mazes, and perplext with Errors ;
Our Understanding traces 'em in vain,
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless Search ;
Nor sees with how much Art the Windings run,
Nor where the regular Confusion ends.*

These last Lines one of Cato's Sons speaks in the first Act ; and taking Notice of the Afflictions of Life, and the clearing up of Clouds of Misfortune, the Poet has this excellent Simile.

*So the pure limpid Stream, when foul with
(Stains
Of rushing Torrents, and descending Rains,
Works it self clear, and, as it runs, refines,
'Till, by Degrees, the floating Mirrour shines,
Reflects each Flow'r that on the Border grows,
And a new Heav'n in its fair Bosom shows.*

G

The

The next Thing I shall observe, is Cato's Answer to Decius, when he is sent by Caesar to take Care of his Life.

*My Life is grafted on the Fate of Rome:
Would he save Cato? Bid him spare his Coun-*

(try,
*Tell your Dictator this : And tell him, Cato
Disdains a Life which he has Pow'r to offer.*

And afterwards on Valour.

—— True Valour soars above
What the World calls Misfortune and Affli-
(tion.

*These are not Ills ; else would they never fall
On Heav'n's first Favourites, and the best of*
(Men :

*The Gods, in Bounty, work up Storms about us,
That give Mankind Occasion to exert
Their hidden Strength, and throw out into*
(Practice

*Virtues, which shun the Day, and lie conceal'd
In the smooth Seasons and the Calms of Life.*

The following Lines on Honour are excellent.

*Honour's a sacred Tye, the Law of Kings,
The noble Mind's distinguishing Perfection,
That aids and strengthens Virtue, where it*
(meets her,
And imitates her Actions where she is not.

Cato's Advice to his Son to retire, when his Affairs grew desperate, is very much admir'd.

Portius, draw near ! My Son, thou oft hast
(seen
Thy

*Thy Sire engag'd in a corrupted State,
Wrestling with Vice and Faction : Now thou*
(see'st me

*Spent, overpower'd, despairing of Success ;
Let me advise thee to retreat betimes
To thy Paternal Seat, the Sabine Field,
Where the great Censor toil'd with his own*
(Hands,

*And all our frugal Ancestors were bless'd
In humble Virtues, and a Rural Life.
There live retir'd, pray for the Peace of Rome,
Content thy self to be obscurely Good.*

When Vice prevails, and impious Men bear
(Sway,
The Post of Honour is a private Station.

Then speaking of Greatness,

*O Portius, is there not some chosen Curse,
Some hidden Thunder in the Stores of Heav'n,
Red with uncommon Wrath, to blast the Man,
Who owes his Greatness to his Country's Ruin?*

And in another Place the Author's
Lines on Justice are very good.

— Severity, and Justice in its Rigour,
*This awes an impious, bold, offending World,
Commands Obedience, and gives Force to Laws.
When by just Vengeance guilty Mortals perish,
The Gods behold their Punishment with Plea-
And lay th'uplifted Thunder-bolt aside. (sure,*

The Poet has this Description of the In-
terval between the Birth and Period of
Plots.

*Remember, Syphax, we must work in Haste:
O think what anxious Moments pass between
The Birth of Plots, and their last fatal Periods.
O ! 'tis a dreadful Interval of Time,
Fill'd up with Horror all, and big with Death!
Destruction hangs on ev'ry Word we speak,
On ev'ry Thought, 'till the concluding Stroke
Determines all, and closes our Design.*

From Plots I proceed to Love, the
Passion whereof Mr. Addison has admirably
describ'd ; and from Love I shall advance
to Liberty. Juba thus begins to
Marcia.

*Hail, charming Maid ! how does thy Beau-
ty smooth
The Face of War, and make ev'n Horror smile !
At Sight of Thee my Heart shakes off its Sor-
rows;
I feel a Dawn of Joy break in upon me,
And for a while forget th' Approach of Cæsar.*

Afterwards, being coolly receiv'd, his
Disorder is thus related.

—— Language is too faint to show
His Rage of Love ; it preys upon his Life ;
He pines, he sickens, he despairs, he dies :
His Passions and his Virtues lie confus'd,
And mixt together in so wild a Tumult,
That the whole Man is quite disfigur'd in him.
Heav'ns ! would one think 'twere possible for
(Love
To make such Ravage in a noble Soul !

When

When *Marcia* supposes *Juba* to be kill'd, she reveals her Love ; and he happening to be near, listens to it.

Marc. O he was all made up of Love
(and Charms,
Whatever Maid could wish, or Man admire :
Delight of ev'ry Eye : when he appear'd,
A secret Pleasure gladden'd all that saw him ;
But when he talk'd, the proudest Roman blush'd
To hear his Virtues, and old Age grew wise.

*Te dear Remains of the most lov'd of Men!
Nor Modesty, nor Virtue here forbid
A last Embrace, while thus ———*

Juba enters, and throws himself before her.

Jub. See, Marcia, see,
*The happy Juba lives! he lives to catch
 That dear Embrace, and to return it too
 With mutual Warmth and Eagerness of Love.*

Marc. I've been surpriz'd in an unguard-
(ed Hour,
But must not now go back : The Love, that lay
Half smother'd in my Breast, has broke thro' all
Its weak Restraints, and burns in its full
(Lustre,
I cannot, if I would, conceal it from Thee.

Jub. I'm lost in Extasy! And dost thou
(Love,
Thou charming Maid?

Marc. *And dost thou Live to ask it?*

Jub. *This, this is Life indeed! Life worth
(preserving,
Such*

*Such Life as Juba never felt 'till now !
How shall I speak the Transport of my Soul !*

*Marc. Lucia, thy Arm ! O let me rest
(upon it !*

*The vital Blood, that had forsook my Heart,
Returns again in such tumultuous Tides,
It quite o'ercomes me. Lead to my Apart-
(ment ———*

*O Prince ! I blush to think what I have said ;
But Fate has wrested the Confession from me ;
Go on, and prosper in the Paths of Honour,
Thy Virtue will excuse my Passion for Thee,
And make the Gods propitious to our Love.*

When Sempronius (in Juba's Drefs) had contriv'd to seize Marcia, (in the Close of the Third Act) he breaks out into this Rapture.

*How will my Bosom swell with anxious Joy,
When I behold her struggling in my Arms,
With glowing Beauty and disorder'd Charms ;
While Fear and Anger, with alternate Grace,
Pant in her Breast, and vary in her Face !
So Pluto, seiz'd of Proserpine, convey'd
To Hell's tremendous Gloom th' affrighted Maid,
There grimly smil'd, pleas'd with the beau-
(teous Prize,
Nor envy'd Jove his Sun-shine and his Skies.*

Now I come to the Speeches and Struggles for Liberty, and CATO's Virtue.

—— Turn up thy Eyes to Cato !
*There may'st thou see to what a godlike Height
The Roman Virtues lift up mortal Man,
While*

While good, and just, and anxious for his
 (Friends,
 He's still severely bent against himself;
 Renouncing Sleep, and Rest, and Food, and
 (Ease,
 He strives with Thirst and Hunger, Toil and
 (Heat;
 And when his Fortune sets before him all
 The Poms and Pleasures that his Soul can
 (wish,
 His rigid Virtue will accept of none.

— When Liberty is gone,
 Life grows insipid, and has lost its Relish.
 I'll animate the Soldiers drooping Courage
 With Love of Freedom and Contempt of Life;
 I'll thunder in their Ears their Country's Cause,
 And try to rouse up all that's Roman in 'em.
 'Tis not in Mortals to command Success,
 But we'll do more, my Friends, we'll deserve it.

Gods, can a Roman Senate long debate
 Which of the Two to chuse, Slav'ry or Death!
 No, let us rise at once, gird on our Swords,
 And, at the Head of our remaining Troops,
 Attack the Foe, break thro' the thick Array
 Of his throng'd Legions, and charge Home
 (upon him.

Perhaps some Arm, more lucky than the rest,
 May reach his Heart, and free the World from
 (Bondage.

Rise, Fathers, rise! 'tis Rome demands your
 (Help;
 Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd Citizens,
 Or

Or share their Fate ! The Corps of half her
 (Senate
 Manure the Fields of Thessaly, while we
 Sit here, delib'rating in cold Debates,
 If we should sacrifice our Lives to Honour,
 Or wear them out in Servitude and Chains.
 Rouze up for Shame ! our Brothers of Phar-
 (salia
 Point at their Wounds, and cry aloud — To
 (Battle !
 Great Pompey's Shade complains that we are
 (slow,
 And Scipio's Ghost walks unreveng'd amongst
 (us.

After the Meeting and Resolves of the
 Senate, when News is brought by Portius
 that his Brother Marcus is kill'd, (in the
 Fourth A&,) CATO's Behaviour on that
 Occasion is very moving.

Port. Misfortune on Misfortune ! Grief on
 My Brother Marcus ——— (Grief !

Cato. Hah ! What has he done ?
 Has he forsook his Post ? has he given Way ?
 Did he look tamely on, and let 'em pass ?

Port. Scarce had I left my Father, but I met
 (him
 Born on the Shields of his surviving Soldiers,
 Breathless and pale, and cover'd o'er with
 (Wounds.
 Long, at the Head of his few faithful Friends,
 He stood the Shack of a whole Host of Foes,
 'Till obstinately brave, and bent on Death,
 Opprest with Multitudes, he greatly fell.

Cato.

Cato. I'm satisfy'd.
Thanks to the Gods! my Boy has done his Duty.

CATO, meeting the Corps.

Welcome, my Son! Here, lay him down,
(my Friends,
Full in my Sight, that I may view at Leisure
The bloody Coarse, and count those glorious
(Wounds.

— How beautiful is Death, when earn'd by
(Virtue!

Who would not be that Youth? What Pity
(it is
That we can Die but once to serve our Coun-
(try!

— Portius, behold thy Brother, and remem-
(ber
Thy Life is not thy own, when Rome de-
Alas, my Friends! (mands it.
Why mourn you thus? Let not a private Loss
Afflict your Hearts. 'Tis Rome requires our
(Tears.

O Liberty! O Virtue! O my Country!

At length CATO thus takes Leave of
his Friends.

Farewel, my Friends! if there be any of You
Who dare not trust the Victor's Clemency,
Know, there are Ships prepar'd by my Command,
Their Sails already op'ning to the Winds,
That shall convey you to the wisht-for Port.
Is there aught else, my Friends, I can do for You?

H

The

The Conqueror draws near. Once more fare-
(well!

If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
In happier Climes, and on a safer Shore,
Where Cæsar never shall approach us more.

(Pointing to his dead Son.
There the brave Youth, with Love of Virtue
(fir'd,
Who greatly in his Country's Cause expir'd,
Shall know he conquer'd. The firm Patriot
(there,

(Who made the Welfare of Mankind his Care)
Tho' still, by Faction, Vice, and Fortune, crost,
Shall find the gen'rous Labour was not lost.

The fifth Act opens with CATO's rea-
soning with himself on Futurity; having
Plato's Book of the Immortality of the
Soul in his Hand, and a drawn Sword on
the Table. This is the best Part of the
Play, and extreamly affects the Passions.

Cato. It must be so— Plato, thou reason'st
(well! —

Else whence this pleasing Hope, this fond De-
(fire,

This longing after Immortality?
Or whence this secret Dread, and inward

(Horror,
Of falling into Nought? Why shrinks the Soul
Back on herself, and startles at Destruction?

'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heav'n itself, that points out an Hereafter,
And

And intimates Eternity to Man.

Eternity ! thou pleasing, dreadful Thought ;
Through what Variety of untry'd Being,
Through what new Scenes and Changes must
(we pass !

The wide, th' unbounded Prospect, lies before
(me ;

But Shadows, Clouds, and Darkness, rest up-
(on it.

Here will I hold. If there's a Pow'r above us,
(And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Through all her Works) He must delight in
Virtue ;

And that which he delights in, must be happy.
But when ! or where ! — This World was
(made for Cæsar.

I'm weary of Conjectures — This must end
(em.

(Laying his Hand on his Sword.

Thus am I doubly arm'd : My Death and
(Life,

My Bane and Antidote are both before me :

This in a Moment brings me to an End ;

But This informs me I shall never Die.

The Soul, secur'd in her Existence, smiles

At the drawn Dagger, and defies its Point :

The Stars shall fade away, the Sun himself

Grow dim with Age, and Nature sink in Tears ;

But thou shalt flourish in Immortal Youth.

What means this Heaviness that hangs
(upon me ?

This Lethargy that creeps through all my
(Senses ?

*Nature oppress'd and harass'd out with Care,
Sinks down to Rest. This once I'll favour her.
That my awaken'd Soul may take her Flight,
Renew'd in all her Strength, and fresh with
An Offering fit for Heav'n. Let Guilt or
Disturb Man's Rest: Cato knows neither of
Indifferent in his Choice to Sleep or Die.*

Enter Portius.

*Port. Alas, my Father!
What means this Sword? this Instrument of
Let me convey it hence! (Death?
O let the Prayers, th'Entreaties of your Friends,
Their Tears, their common Danger, wrest it
(from You.*

*O Sir, forgive your Son,
Whose Grief hangs heavy on him! O my Father!
How am I sure it is not the last Time
I e'er shall call you so! Be not displeas'd;
O be not angry with me whilst I weep,
And, in the Anguish of my Heart, beseech You
To quit the dreadful Purpose of your Soul!*

*CATO retiring to refresh himself with
Sleep, falls upon his Sword: And when
he is brought upon the Stage, he thus ex-
presses his Anguish, and Dies.*

*Cato — I'm Sick to Death — O! when shall I
(get loose
From*

From this vain World, th' Abode of Guilt and
 (Sorrow!
 — And yet methinks a Beam of Light breaks in
 On my departing Soul. Alas, I fear
 I've been too hasty. O ye Pow'rs, that search
 The Heart of Man, and weigh his inmost
 (Thoughts,
 If I have done amiss, impute it not! —
 The best may Err, but you are Good, and—Oh!

The great Concern of CATO's Children
 and Friends in the Catastrophe, is prodigiously moving: And the Play concludes
 with this excellent Moral.

From hence, let fierce contending Nations
 (know
 What dire Effects from civil Discord flow.
 'Tis this that shakes our Country with Alarms,
 And gives up Rome a Prey to Roman Arms,
 Produces Fraud, and Cruelty, and Strife,
 And robs the guilty World of Cato's Life.

Thus I have compleated my particular
 Account of the Poetical Works of Mr.
 ADDISON, and I hope it will be a Pleasure
 to the Reader, without giving Offence to
 any: The Beauties of this Poet are too
 numerous to pass unobserv'd; and that
 alone is a sufficient Apology for my in-
 serting so many of his incomparable Lines,
 The Latin Poems written by Mr. ADDISON
 entitle

entitle him to Fame Immortal ; and his *English* Poetry is not less worthy our Commendation ; so that of every Piece of this Author, we may say with *Horace*,

— *Hic decies repetita placebit.*

His Writings will always please the polite, judicious, and learned ; and every impartial, unprejudic'd Person, will be oblig'd to own his Merit.

Besides his Poetry, the Publick is very much oblig'd to Mr. *ADDISON* for his excellent Criticisms upon *Milton* ; and the *Tatlers*, *Spectators*, *Guardians*, and *Freeholders*, written by him ; which are by all allow'd superior to the Performances of the other ingenious Gentlemen concern'd in those Works. The *Tatlers* and *Spectators* are the most entertaining and Instructive Papers of the Kind that this Age has produc'd ; there is hardly a Vice, Folly, or Vanity, incident to Mankind but they have Expos'd in an admirable manner ; or a moral Duty they have not Commented upon to the Edification of the Reader ; and the *Guardian* and *Freeholder*, the latter wholly written by Mr. *ADDISON*, have in many of them the finest and most rational Observations on Politicks and Government, to inculcate into a freeborn People a true Idea of Happiness, that ever were publish'd.

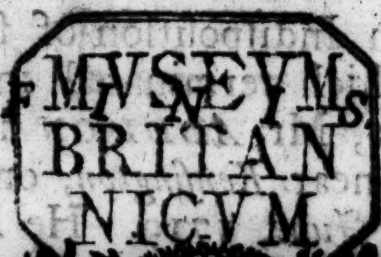
I have

I have been inform'd, that many Years since, Mr. ADDISON had a Brother, who venturing himself to the *East Indies*, after he had been there some Time, and accumulated great Wealth, dy'd in those Parts, and by his Will left his whole Estate to Mr. ADDISON; which was a considerable Addition to his Patrimony, and contributed to his making a Figure in the World; tho' his Merit alone recommended him to those Great Employments he held and laid down with so much Honour.

After an Indisposition of some Continuance, which terminated in a Dropsy and Asthma, Mr. ADDISON dy'd, at *Holland-House* near *Kensington*, on *Wednesday* the 17th of *June*, 1719. He lay in State in the *Jerusalem Chamber* on the 26th of the same Month, and was afterwards interr'd in *Westminster-Abbey*. He has left Issue, by the Countess of *Warwick* and *Holland*, one Daughter, *Charlotte Addison*, to whom, by his last Will and Testament, the Countess is appointed Guardian; and thro' a prevalent Affection to his deserving Lady, he has given his whole Estate to her Ladyship, upon Condition of paying an Annuity to his Mother, and a considerable Legacy to his Sister, and having an entire Confidence in Her, that she will make a right Application of it, with Respect to his Daughter. This was the utmost an affectionate

affectionate Husband could do for an endearing Wife: And Mr. ADDISON, thoroughly sensible of the great Merit of his Lady, the Glory of her Sex, made a Disposition of his Fortune accordingly; but her Loss in him is irreparable; nor does she share the Misfortune only, but the Publick also.

He Dy'd universally lamented, and has left behind him a Character which every one would wish for, but very few attain, viz. That of a *Great and Good Man*.



ERRATA:

Page 10. l. 24. for *Writings* r. *Poems*; p. 23. l. 12. for *Squadron* r. *Squadrons*; p. 27. ult. l. for *shun* r. *shewn*.

